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"ancient," is it to be supposed that *our* ideas of Beauty and the Deformed will prevail?

Applying these suggestions to Art-taste, we should say they teach us charity in criticism; and, while they widen the area of Art-ideas, by giving us a more just perception of the truth of Nature, they relieve us from the necessity of fixing upon schools, and rules, and principles of Art, which do not leave the genius and taste of the artist perfectly free to interpret Beauty and Deformity as he finds them existent in the world around him. When Nature is fully understood, there will be less clamor among the "schools," less cant of criticism, more justice to genius, and a truly cosmopolitan worship of Art.

### PASTILLES.

"Diffusing light, aroma, and sweet dreams."



ALL beauty is ideal. True, we perceive it through the medium of our senses. We breathe it from flowers, hear it in music, behold it with the eye; but it is intangible. It enters our being through the avenues of sense; but it is a spiritual guest that passes these portals to enter our souls. We cannot eat it in a dish of oysters, nor drink it in a glass of sparkling Catawba. It ministers only to our spirits; but what divine life it gives these—feeding them upon the manna and dews of immortality, so that they know, by reason of having tasted it, that they shall not die!

Why does that which is most beautiful render us most sad—as do the sweetest strains of melody, the fairest forms of nature and art, the highest eloquence of the poet? POE says, it is because it hints to us of a perfection still more absolute, which it is impossible to attain on earth; and the vague sense of the impossible fills us with a yearning longing which inspires a feeling of mournfulness. *That* is the mission of Beauty. It is always asking our Best of us, and whispering of a Better that shall be attained hereafter. Seek the Beautiful,—worship it.

How beautifully DE QUINCY draws the outline of Shakspeare's character, against the dark background of mystery in which

it hitherto has been involved! With what a hand of righteous indignation he tears away the clownish drapery in which inferior artists have concealed him, and shows us the full and dignified proportions of that character!

We need no longer to be pained in studying this picture with glimpses of deformities and incongruities—our sense of the fitness of things shocked by contemplating a god-like nature represented amid scenes of petty crime and disgrace, and poverty not heroically borne, but dishonored by dissipations.

He satisfies at the first our desire to feel that there was something worthy and beautiful in the origin of the most glorious of men. How shall we sufficiently thank him for these two sentences?—Speaking of the mother of the bard:—"This lady, for such she really was, in an eminent sense, by birth, as well as by connections, bore the beautiful name of Mary Arden—a name derived from an ancient forest district of the country; and doubtless she merits a more elaborate notice than our slender materials will furnish. To have been *the mother of Shakspeare*—how august a title to the reverence of infinite generations, and of centuries beyond the vision of prophecy!"

It gives us a subject of such pleasant contemplation, that we feel grateful to the equally gifted and loving appreciation which would search out, and set in such charming light, the beginning of that greatness to which all classes of minds and all nations owe so much pleasure.

One by one, all the blots are painted out by the unequalled hand of the artist; and we cannot but feel that it is the light of *truth* which gives such a beautiful glow to the picture.

It is a proof of De Quincy's own marvellous genius, that he has the power to appreciate so fully the grandeur and glory of other minds, and the heart to love them. No fear of throwing his own excellencies into the shade meanly deters him from bestowing chaplets of praise upon honored brows. As a maiden delights in adorning her beauty with flowers and gems, he lovingly adorns his characters with the riches of his fancy and soul.

"BEAUTY unadorned is adorned the most," is a saying made popular by the poet, but the truth of the proposition is often questioned. Many contend that nu-

dity in representation is inexcusable; and these exactionists, though they gaze in admiration upon "the Greek," would fain *try* to think some drapery over her person would not be inappropriate. But few, we believe, in their heart of hearts, would wish that beauty shadowed from sight by one fold of toga—what they say is in obedience to their long-cherished prejudices, rather than to what their sympathies and good sense prompt. And why do these really admire the statue? Let them examine their emotions closely, and they will find that there is pity, worship in their hearts; the detail of nakedness is lost in the general embodiment of purity. Study the statue as we will, the impression is, in the end, one to excite compassion, tenderness, adoration, resentment of wrong. Suppose this nudity was draped, would the pathos and power of the work remain? Of course not. Nudity is *necessary* to consummate the impression designed by the artist. Genius betrays itself in thus adapting expression to the subject—in using all the graces of Nature to depict the passions and feelings of human nature—in harmonizing all the elements of beauty. A mere talent could never conceive the fine distinctions, the spiritual relations of parts, the divinity of expression, necessary to the creation of a truly sublime work of art; and, though in manipulation and mechanical execution, the work of a man of talent may excel, yet the soul of expression, the *language* of beauty, the pathos of its interpretation, are wanting. Using this fact as a criterion, it is not difficult to pronounce upon the respective merits of artists in marble and on canvas; judged by it, the creations of Mr. Powers become recognized as those of a master and true genius.

### SONNET.

ALAS! love's flowers have been strewn in vain  
Upon life's desolate and cloud-wrapt shore,  
And we can never, never know again  
The hopes which made the hours so bright of yore.  
Oh! cruel waves of sorrow and distrust,  
I hear your murmurs in my weary heart,  
Weary of all the darkness and the dust  
Which make it joy from such a life to part.  
Oh! star-crown'd empress of the "upper deep"!   
Beam but thy snowy glance upon my brow,  
Thou canst not bid this restless sorrow sleep,  
But gild oblivion's cloud, and gently now  
Lift my soul's tide in silent love and praise  
Of one who "walked in sorrow" all his days.

CORINNE.